

Between the Bookshelves by [vanishingbyler](#)

Series: [A Very Byler Christmas \(2017\)](#) [13]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Future AU, M/M, Set in 1988

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike loved his job, but some days were just tedious.

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Author's Note:

Right I'm back from visiting family and wifi is a thing again so I'm just gonna try n catch up lol sorry ive missed like 5 days

13/12/17

Mike was bored out of his mind stacking shelves, keeping half an eye on the two kids sat in the corner, reading. It was frustrating that he was babysitting Holly and Richie, especially since Richie should have been on a plane already. The fucking blizzard had shut down the airport, meaning they had at least a few days more of drunken arguments and Mike's parents complaining over having to sleep on the couch.

It also meant he had to drag the kids to work with him, which made his job twice as difficult since he had to watch and make sure Richie wasn't being far too loud or running around the place knocking down stacks of books.

He'd considered calling Will this morning, starting to feel a little boxed in with only his family to talk to, but put it off when he thought maybe he was smothering Will recently.

He sighed as he picked up a copy of *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* and put it beside a copy of *A Wrinkle in Time*. He took note of a couple of the new children's titles in an attempt to make a decision on Holly's Christmas present. He liked his job, he did, but it could be so dull when nobody was in the store and he just had to silently stock shelves. It sucked even more when it was only him and his manager working, because he couldn't even mess around with

some of the more fun staff members, like Heather, and Chris.

The bell above the door rang, but he didn't avert his gaze, assuming that if the customers needed him, they'd ask. He clocked off in a half hour and still had to stack the shelves up to T. He was only on L, and right now needed all the time he could get.

A crash came from the corner of the room and Mike cringed, realising that Richie or Holly had broken something in the cafe section of the shop. A sense of icy dread spread through him as he thought how shitty it'd be if he lost his job.

He made a beeline for the kids, grateful that his boss was out on a smoke break so he could maybe fix the mess before they were caught. His heart swelled when he saw the familiar figure of Will, bundled up in a scarf and hat, kneeling next to a teary eyed Holly, picking up the pieces of a cracked hot chocolate mug. Mike joined him and started to wipe up the drink.

When the space was clear and Holly had been consoled, Mike turned to Will.

"Hey." he mumbled softly.

"Hi." Will responded, smiling a little.

"What brings you here? I didn't call you this morning."

"I know you work 2-6 on Tuesdays, and I didn't see you yesterday. I was wondering if you wanted to come over after your shift to have dinner."

Mike shot a glance at Richie, who was making smoochy faces and giving a thumbs up.

“I’d like that. Could you help me get these losers home first?”

“No problem. Hey, do you need any help stacking shelves?”

The next half hour couldn’t have felt slower. Every so often, he’d cast his eyes towards the smaller boy diligently helping alphabetise the stock, and he felt himself fall a little bit more in love each time.